

## New Dress Goods

Every fabric that Dame Fashion has decreed that milady shall wear; all of the popular and leading shades. The splendid quality of our dress goods is so well known that "Quality Dress Goods" and "Stockton's Store" has become synonymous in the minds of the people. You will be pleased if you buy here.

## Women's and Misses' Suits and Coats

We announce the arrival of a large and comprehensive line of Suits and Coats. This house has become known for the beauty and correctness of its ready-to-wear garments. This spring outtrials any previous season. Snap and dash characterize our new garments. Some are freakish but some are plain but all are exceedingly pretty and absolutely correct. The colors vary from the fashionable tango and other equally as bright colors to the sombre shades.

Suits \$8.75 to \$50.00  
Coats \$6.50 to \$30.00  
We Guarantee a Perfect Fit

## FASCINATING Waist Display

Did you think the new waists would be such charming affairs that a display of them would really be fascinating? I dare say if you had been studying the new fashion plates you did not, but an inspection of our new silks, crepe de chine, cotton crepes, batistes and voile waists will convince you that you were mistaken. They are very dainty, featuring all that is new in styledom, such as low yokes, kimono sleeves, slouch effects, high or low necks, short or long sleeves. Visit this department.

NEW TRIMMINGS—Dainty Laces and Embroideries. Butterflies in pearl and beaded effects.

# Stockton

## CURE FOR CIGARETTE FAD

NITRATE OF SILVER WILL BE GIVEN TRIAL IN PORTLAND, AS RECOMMENDED IN EAST.

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.] Portland, Or., Feb. 24.—Nitrate of silver, strongly recommended by eastern officials as a cure for the cigarette habit, will be given a thorough trial by the Portland juvenile court, Judge Gatens has announced. Probation Officer McIntosh was authorized to take up the matter with Portland physicians and treat boys addicted to the use of cigarettes who may come before the court.

Two applicants for treatment already are on hand, and probably will be treated, and Judge Gatens decided that the treatment should be tried on the second, the boy's mother being present at court and agreeing to the trial.

One boy before the court recently on the charge of stealing chickens was sentenced by Judge Gatens to a term on a chicken ranch under the supervision of Dorris E. Keasey.

The boy is the leader of a gang of five Alhina boys who have a weakness

for game chickens and pigeons. The boy was questioned as to his knowledge of chicken raising, and when it was found that he was not a novice, the sentence to the chicken ranch was passed.

If the boy's uncle, who owns a farm at Dayton, Wash., will take him, the boy will be sent there. If the uncle refuses, Mr. Keasey was authorized to find another chicken ranch where the boy might go and raise and care for chickens to his heart's content.

The cigarette treatment clinic as a method for handling boys appearing in juvenile court, was installed by Recorder McGovern as part of the municipal court in Hoboken, N. J., over which he presides. It has attracted nationwide attention, and boys in all parts of the United States have written asking for treatment, while others have journeyed long distances to be cured of smoking.

The first treatment is the swabbing of the throat of the person treated, and then they are presented with a solution of the nitrate of silver as a mouth wash, and genius roots which they chew.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids will be received by the county court of Marion county, Oregon, for the improvement of certain roads in Road District No. 41, near Salem, Oregon, by draining, grading and graveling the same, as will more fully appear by the plans and specifications of the same now on file in this office. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check of 5 per cent. Five per cent of the amount of such bid must be filed with this office on or before the 5th day of March, 1914. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

MAX GEHLHAR,  
County Clerk.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids will be received by the county court of Marion county, Oregon, for the improvement of certain roads in Road District No. 32, near Stayton, Oregon, by draining, grading and graveling or macadamizing the same, as will more fully appear by the plans and specifications of the same now on file in this office. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check of 5 per cent (5 per cent) of the amount of such bid, and must be filed in this office on or before the 5th day of March, 1914. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

MAX GEHLHAR,  
County Clerk.

### Files Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief, 50c.

Keep one eye on your enemies and two on your friends.

## The Vagaries of Judges

By The Rev. C. F. Aked, D. D., LL. D.

Apparently it is not the jury system which has become ridiculous. The vagaries of some of our judges need to be studied a little more closely. "Look here, upon this picture, and on this"—the case of the wealthy Arthur Widney and the case of a wretched highway robber named Tony Parto.

Arthur B. Widney is the son of a wealthy Los Angeles family. He is described as a well-known realty broker. He has been convicted of "white slavery." His crime was that of taking the earnings of a woman of the underworld with whom he has maintained immoral relations for more than a year. Judge Dunne, before whom Widney was tried, said, "There is no question as to the guilt of Widney under the law; the verdict of the jury was justified by the evidence."

When the jury brought in their verdict Widney is said to have wept in craven terror. He has a wife and two children. Yet he maintained intimate relations with a prostitute, and descended to the very lowest depths of degradation to which a man can fall: He accepted a share of the earnings of a white slave!

This man goes free. Judge Dunne has admitted him to probation for three years. The reasons which the Judge has given are amazing. He has not the slightest doubt of the guilt of the man, but he believes that some person or persons unnamed, connected, in some way not clearly indicated, with the prosecution were more interested in the possibility of getting money out of Widney than in the vindication of justice.

Judge Dunne said: "There are many angles to the case which have been brought to the attention of the court, but which could not be presented to the jury, that lead me to believe there was an intention on the part of somebody to get money out of Widney or his relatives rather than to see that justice was satisfied."

This follows upon his words: "There is no question as to the guilt of Widney under the law. The verdict of the jury was justified by the evidence."

In plain words: This man is guilty. There can be no question about that; but he has associated with vile persons (which is a part of the charge) and some of them have rounded on him; thieves have fallen out; this man has been exposed; but I am not inclined to punish him because we should not have been able to convict him if they had not exposed him.

It is difficult to follow the workings of a mind that argues in this way.

We turn for enlightenment to Probation Officer Nichols, who was directed by Judge Dunne to investigate the case when the motion for probation was made. He reported in open court that he had received more than a thousand letters from prominent business people in Los Angeles and San Francisco, from bankers, state officials, and college professors, all anxious to save Widney from jail. It is a pity that we are not permitted to read those letters—all of them. Anyway, the thing is done. This man of position, who neglects his wife and family and associates with a woman of shameful life and accepts part of the wages of iniquity, goes free.

Tony Parto is one of the few holdup men on whom the police have been able to lay their hands during the last few months. It was at San Jose. This

was Parto's first conviction. He pleaded guilty to highway robbery. His booty consisted of a watch and forty-five dollars. For this crime he was given no benefit of a first offenders' law. His plea of guilty was not taken into account in mitigation of judgment. He was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

The savagery of the sentence takes one's breath away. The judge has felt called upon to justify himself. If the newspaper report may be trusted, Judge Beasley allowed himself to be interviewed; and said that he had "sent Parto across for thirty years" because he was convinced—thoroughly convinced, convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt—that Parto was a most dangerous man. Under the skillful and relentless cross-examination of the reporter the judge admitted that it was not the watch and forty-five dollars which were alone in question, but the man's character; that is to say, what he, the judge, considered to be his character, for the only evidence, as evidence in the case, the evidence which convicted Parto of highway robbery. Because of the deep impression made upon the judge's mind, a certain conviction that his prisoner was a dangerous ruffian, he pronounced sentence: THIRTY YEARS.

This is not a time and this is not a city in which it is safe to subordinate common sense to sickly sentimentality. We are suffering enough from the maudlin activities of the "Ob-make-the-second-happy" school. Sane prison reform is under suspicion. Christian pity for the fallen and the sloppily humiliated and hampered by the sloppiness of foolish men and women who have oceans of sympathy for every criminal and not a drop for the victim of the crime. The harm these persons do is enormous. They make decent people half-ashamed to be decently humane, for fear they should be taken for one of the posers who coddle cutthroats and coddle assassins.

A sentence like this of Judge Beasley's plays into their hands. The injustice to Parto is obvious. Nothing can make it right to send the man to prison for thirty years. Such a sentence belongs to the old brutal days when society was barbarous in high places and in low. It has no place in our modern civilization. But the judge has done an injustice to us all. He implicates us all in this merciless administration of the law. He has given to the silly school an argument of which we shall never hear the last. It will make more sentimentalists than a hundred leading articles would. It will do more. If it does not make of Tony Parto an anarchist, with hate and vengeance flaming in his soul, it will because he is a better man than Judge Beasley dreamed. If I thought that this was the last expression of law and administration of law in America in the twentieth century I should turn either sentimentalist or anarchist myself—anarchist for choice.

Meanwhile Widney goes free. His victim—or his partner in guilt—is a white slave; and he traffics in her degradation. Thousands of letters are written to save him from the penitentiary. And he is free. Parto steals a watch and forty-five dollars. He goes to jail with a sentence of thirty years hanging over him.

A community that could tolerate forever inequalities like these would be mad. Where there is no sense of proportion there is no sanity.

## Women and the Income Tax

By the Rev. C. F. Aked, D. D., LL. D.

The militant madmen have bitten that good anti-militant, Anna Shaw.

All America admires Anna Shaw. Everybody who knows her respects her. She has united her great ability with fine character and unwavering consistent devotion to great ideals. And it is to be hoped that she will think better of her published resolve to refuse compliance with the demands made upon her by the new income tax law. If she persists in her determination to offer "passive resistance," then American women ought to turn a deaf ear to her appeal to "go and do likewise."

Dr. Shaw will refuse—so the report goes—to fill in the schedules and render the accounts asked by the collector. Presumably, she will refuse to pay the amount of the tax arbitrarily levied. And, if need be, she will go to prison for her contumacy.

In prison—if the newspaper reports may be trusted—she will start no hunger strike. Sensible, even in the choice of a mistaken policy, she concludes that she is more to the suffrage cause as a strong, healthy person than as an invalid reduced to semi-insanity by starvation and torture. But with the prison before her she chooses "passive resistance" for the purpose of voicing in this resounding manner the protest of women against being taxed by a government which they do not help to elect.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny"—as said Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, when the first English House of Commons was called together, some five hundred years

or more before it occurred to good Samuel Adams to say it in Massachusetts.

Dr. Shaw's example should be repudiated by suffragists throughout the United States on two grounds. First, because such a course will do little good; second, because it may do great harm.

Votes are needed, votes of men. Before men give their votes their opinions must be changed. Will convictions be changed by the course on which Dr. Shaw has resolved?

For the purpose of the inquiry we may divide the opponents of woman suffrage into the thoughtful and the unthoughtful—not necessarily the "educated" and the "ignorant" vote, though in a measure they correspond to these distinctions. Both types of objection were in evidence during the campaign for woman suffrage in California in 1911. It is a pity that some "Alice in Wonderland" kind of topsy-turvydom could not arrange that the campaign should come after the election—for we could all fight the campaign so much better if we had the information before which we had after.

On election day we learned the secret of the opposition as we had never learned it before. Three men were spoken to, one after the other, by a woman of education and refinement. She stopped them in the street, asked if they had voted, begged them to "vote for us." The first was a gentleman. He looked a prosperous business man; he spoke very courteously; he knew his own mind. He lifted his hat and said, "No, madam; I do not mean to

be offensive, but I have thought about this carefully, and I am satisfied that you are wrong. I do not believe that it would be good for you or for the state. I am going to vote against you." There was, of course, no more to be said.

The second man was young—and a cad. He said, "If you want to get votes why don't you send young and pretty women into the streets, not middle-aged women like you?" The lady replied, "They would not be safe with young blackguards like you around." It may not have been politics, but it was human nature.

The third was a working man who spoke with a decidedly foreign accent. He was apparently about forty years of age. He said, "I will not vote for you women. My wife is in the kitchen and it is her place. I will not have her learn the American ways."

Which things are written allegorically? The unthoughtful vote is twice as large as the thoughtful vote, and it is made up partly of the honest, but unconvicted, un-Americanized immigrant and partly of the blackguardly elements of the community.

Is there anything in Dr. Shaw's policy which will convince and convert these unthoughtful persons? A little there may be, but very little, and so little that one should be very reluctant to incur risks involved in the policy for the purpose of securing that trifling gain.

Is there anything in Dr. Shaw's policy which will change the convictions of educated and thoughtful American citizens who have discussed the question with themselves and with their friends and have decided to vote "No"? Clearly not; the spectacular presentation in the court and from the prison of the formula "Taxation without representation is tyranny" will not succeed where quiet argument has failed.

The immigrant is the real difficulty. Five years are not enough. He cannot become an American in so short a time. If he has come from a country where for uncounted centuries a woman has been a beast of burden; where he has harnessed her to a cart, yoked her to a plow, compelled her to bear his children, and of his sovereign grace permitted her to cook his meals, he cannot become an American, accepting the American view of woman and learning the American attitude toward women, in five years.

The noblest of American women, women who have contributed and whose ancestors have contributed to the greatness of America, and highly cultivated women, physicians, lawyers, professors in the colleges, teachers in the schools, all the hosts of charming, graceful American girls, the beauty and the glory of our cities—all these must stand before the "new citizen" begging for the vote.

Meanwhile, other such prospective citizens are being poured upon our shores, a million a year, or thereabouts; and they, too, have to be Americanized and convinced.

It is an endless and a heartbreaking task. But it has to be done. It is being done. The good work goes on. Suffrage is coming. It is coming for everlastingly in the Union. Men who no longer young may live to see it. And it will be a ghastly disappointment, a hideous wrong, if a mistaken policy, inaugurated by so wise and brave a leader as Dr. Shaw should make the work still more difficult and put back the ray of final victory.

For the danger of the course suggested does not lie in this particular act. There is no great harm done if Dr. Shaw and a few more refuse to fill in the schedule and go to jail. If it were to stop there it would be a nine days' wonder—and that is all. In the nature of the case, the resistance to law will go from one thing to another, from the smaller to the greater, from bad to worse.

Militancy in England began with nothing but the interruption of a speaker at a public meeting with the question, "What about votes for women?" It has already reached the stage of incendiarism, dynamite outrage, attempted murder. Blood has been shed; lives have been lost; there have been martyrs to the cause. And worse is yet to come. Nobody foresaw it; nobody dreamed of it; nobody would have believed it was remotely within the bounds of possibility for quiet, gentle, law-abiding English women.

But there it is. And however sound and sane the leaders of the suffrage cause in America may be, they are human. They are just as human as their sisters in England. The floodgates once thrown open, no mortal can tell what the streams of lawlessness may destroy. And suffragists in this country will do well to refuse to join in a policy, no matter how innocent looking the beginning of it, which, before it is many years old, may be seized upon by wild, ungovernable and fanatical spirits who will bring disgrace and ruin upon the cause.

Can it be possible that all the would-be gubernatorial hats are already in the ring?

Too springlike weather in February is not a good sign; chance for pessimistic predictions.

How a woman does admire anybody who can outtalk her!

The secret of success: Aim high and shoot often.

## Babushka!

BY REV. C. F. AKED, D. D., LL. D.

Health is contagious like disease. Enthusiasm is communicable by contact. One hero makes many. Catherine Breshkovsky is not only one of the supremely attractive heroines of history; she is a source of superb heroism in others.

It was an American man who said on his deathbed, "I would gladly lay down my life for Babushka and would count it well spent." His wife poured twice to Russia for the sake of Madame Breshkovsky, and tried to follow her to Siberia. And the daughter of these two has just given to the world letters received from the great-souled woman whom they fondly call "Grandmother"—the grandmother of the revolution.

The letters recall Catherine Breshkovsky's story. It cannot be told too often. The ages we have agreed to call "heroic" boast nothing purer and braver than the record of this woman's sacrifices, sufferings and achievements. Her name will live in history as long as history concerns itself with the conquest of liberty upon earth.

Catherine Breshkovsky is the daughter of a Russian noble. Cradled in luxury, she was surrounded by the squalor and misery of the peasants. Growing up to young womanhood in the flush of the great days, the days of the Emancipation of the Serfs, she felt the impulse of those mighty hopes which were "blowing wide" over the Russian empire. She opened a village school, and then, as the sunshine of those few brief days darkened into disappointment and sullen anger, she saw the peasants, who had looked for land as well as liberty, for food as well as freedom, flogged into servitude again.

In St. Petersburg, in the gay metropolitan society, she met ardent reformers like herself. Returning to her father's estate, she resumed her terrible work—the terrible work of teaching peasant girls and boys to read and write.

She married a wealthy landowner. Husband and wife fell under suspicion. Her father incurred the displeasure of the bureaucrats. Some of their friends were exiled to Siberia. When she was twenty-six years of age she saw that her husband had little or no interest in the cause which seemed to her the one thing worth living and worth dying for. She begged him to speak frankly to her. He demanded whether he could or could not share her work and her probable sufferings. He declined to face Siberia and death for a cause which made no appeal in his heart. She left him, and prepared to tread the winepress of suffering alone.

She joined a revolutionary circle in Kiev. From that city she set forth on her mission. She disguised herself as a peasant woman. She went so far as to stain her fair complexion with acid. She traveled from village to village gathering the peasants, men and women, in little groups and speaking to them with equal parable, homely argument and mother wit. She was arrested.

She lay in prison two years awaiting her trial. There is no such thing as "bail" for a revolutionary. She protested in open court against the unfairness of her trial, and her sentence was made vindictively heavy. She was sentenced to five years in the Siberian mines and exile for life. This was in 1877.

Four years later she made an attempt to escape. She was captured and taken back to Karm. She was sentenced to four years more of hard labor and forty strokes of the lash. The flogging was not administered. She took part in various hunger strikes, and was removed to a miserable hamlet on the farthest confines of Siberia near to the Chinese frontier.

Twenty-one years ago the present writer had the great happiness of crossing the Atlantic with George Kennan, one of the noblest of living men. On starlit nights on deck Kennan talked about the men and women who were suffering for Russia. And as he recalled what he had seen of human cruelty he said, "If I thought that this could go on forever and nothing happen it would be impossible for me to believe in God; at least," he added hastily, "in a God who is any good."

Later Kennan spoke in the writer's church in Liverpool; and he told the story of Catherine Breshkovsky. He described her as "a lady perhaps thirty-five years of age with a strong, intellectual face, a frank, unreserved manner, and sympathies that seemed to be impulsive and generous. Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark wavy hair, which had been cut short in prison at the mines, was streaked here and there with gray, but neither hardship nor exile, nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, fine tempered spirit or to shake her convictions of honor and duty. She was a woman of much cultivation, spoke French, German and English, and was a fine musician."

His account of her last words shook the great meeting like a tempest. She said to him as he bade her farewell, "Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, but something must come of it at last!" And Mr. Kennan added, "I cannot recall her last words to me without feeling conscious that all my standards of courage and heroic self-sacrifice

have been raised for all time and raised by the hand of a woman!"

After more than a quarter of a century passed in prison in the mines, and in exile, the Russian government allowed her to leave the country. She came to America. She made friends wherever she went, not friends for Babushka only, but friends of Russian freedom. She might have enjoyed prosperity, peace, high honor in this free land. In her heart there was a kind of fighting that would not let her rest. After a time she returned to Russia. It seemed that she had disappeared off the face of the earth. Then America and civilized Europe were startled by the news that Catherine Breshkovsky was again in the hands of the Russian police. She was brought to trial in 1910. She was sent back to Siberia under a sentence of exile for life.

Two months ago this indomitable old woman, unbowed beneath the weight of her seventy years, more than one-half of which have been spent in penal servitude and in exile, made another attempt to escape. She exchanged clothes with a man prisoner, who successfully fooled the guards for three days by impersonating her in Kirovsk. She had obtained a fictitious passport. Her fellow conspirators cut the telegraph wires. For five days and nights she fought the Arctic cold of the bleak frozen waste in the world. And then she was recaptured.

The Russian police have her now. It is not likely that she will ever again escape from their clutches.

Her letters are very beautiful. They may be read in the "Survey" for December 20. They reveal the great heart of Babushka. They justify George Kennan's striking words about standards of heroic courage raised for all time by a woman's hand. They do more. They give the assurance that the movement for which Catherine Breshkovsky suffers can never be quenched. It cannot be quenched in the blood of multitudes.

Whether the throne of the Czar goes crumbling to the dust or whether it be allowed to remain, like that of other European monarchs, the emblem of constitutional government, it is certain that all the oligarchies and despotisms of the world cannot call back the past again; while Catherine Breshkovsky, Hope Sigida, Stepanik, Felix Volkovskiy and a host of whom Russia has not been worthy will themselves sit on the thrones of the ages, and "something will come of it at last."

### INSOOTS.

Bluff is not real worth, but it often helps to keep things moving.

When some fellows air their grievances the whole world seems bad.

A large yell does not always win the football game.

Cruelty and cowardice are twin brothers.

No matter what kind of an effort you make, unless the fish bite you will never be known as an expert angler. The supposed ideal husband is not always such a fine fellow at short range.

When a woman condemns the slit skirt we always wonder how she would look in one.

The funny story teller is generally an uninteresting cuss after his stock of yarns has been exhausted. The success of the rogue sometimes neutralizes the efforts of the preacher.

### RECKLESS AND RARE.

"Are there different kinds of courage, pa?"

"Yes, my son."

"What's reckless courage, pa?"

"It's the kind that nerves a sandy little man in a crowded street car to tell two big hulkers and a fat woman to 'move along there an' make room for a lady!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The hammer is a good tool with which to drive nails, and a mighty poor one with which to drive business.

Husbands, like babies, are easily spoiled.

## Some Rare Bargains in Choice Vacant Lots This Week Only !!

Mr. Home Builder, now is the time to buy vacant lots, before the prices advance, as they are sure to do as soon as spring work begins. Here are some rare bargains, which can be bought for about half value.

\$450 will buy a choice lot on a paved street, all assessments paid; clear title. \$200 fine lot. Bishop's addition. \$1150 beautiful lot, corner 17th and State.

\$500 fine lot on State and 24th street \$650 choice lot on Chemsaketa street. \$750 choice lot Fairmount Park. \$250 fine lot Cardwell addition. \$5000 choice lot Oaks addition. \$750 choice lot on Union street. \$900 fine lot on Front street, close in.

We have a special reduced price on all above lots for this week only. Buy now before prices are sure to advance.

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